CHAPTER I.

Arrow and Fire. Half a century ago the great region between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevadas, except for Denver, Salt Lake City, and a few mining camps, was a trackless, forestless desolation known only to Indian, coyote, and venturesome emigrant. Yet two men under the golden wing of the government pole." planted a line of lonely posts, and linked them with a chain of stage coaches. Over this treacherous way sped daily messages, men and treasure; sped, and arrived-if frost and

Indians permitted. Late on an autumn afternoon the Overland Mail was toiling sunward up a western rampart of the Rocky mountains. Two passengers were on the box with the driver. The center man, booked as Alfred Vincent, was slight, to boyishness. His air of one bred to the best of city refinements contrasted sharply with his fellow-trav, eler, who had been introduced as Mr. Phineas Cadwallader, though the driver afterwards called him "Blowhard Cad," which nickname he vindicated by a constant stream of gossip. But an astute observer would have seen that he was trying to penetrate the reserve, the slight mystery that

surrounded his fellow-traveler. Yet whatever the mystery, Alfred Vincent was now posting westward with a letter in his pocket signed by Collis P. Huntington, and directed to Leland Stanford, governor of California, and president of the Central Pacific Railroad company. Alfred paid slight heed to the others. His impatient imagination winged him far from present inaction, over mountain and desert, to the far west, to unguessed conflicts of the future.

"Holy Mackinaw! Only fools would think of building a railroad through this God-forsaken country!"

The caustic sentence roused Alfred from his reverie; and Phineas noted that "railroad" was the magic word that broke the spell. The driver, William Dodge, better known as "Uncle Billy," readjusted his quid of comfort, spat with precision, and touched up a lagging leader with the tip of his rodlong whiplash. "Well, I'm not taking the chances of calling Gove'no' Stanford a fool."

"Of course he ain't. He don't intend to build any railroad, either. Not over the Sierras, anyway. He's got a better thing." Phineas' sidewise look diligently sought a rift in Alfred's mask.

"Meaning?" Uncle Billy questioned. "That Dutch Flat Swindle. Those C. P. fellers have their wagon road built over the Sierras, and-"

"How in blazes can they build a railroad, Cad, without a wagon road? Don't they have to feed their advance construction camps? And won't they have to do it for years, while they cut their miles of tunnels?"

"Oh, they'll put their railroad through to Dutch Flat maybe; but from there on they'll go it by mules; take all the toll they can get from the \$12,000,000 freightage Nevada pays every year to the transportation companies. The C. P. people want a bite of Louis McLane's pie, that's all."

"They're going to get it, you bet!" The driver smiled; yet his low, leisurely words seemed a flat.

"Not by a jugful!" Phineas lifted his voice and pounded the air; and Alfred detected the sham note, the bid for effect. "What do you suppose we are doing along the line? Why, San Francisco merchants can sit in their offices and sell to all California, to Nevada, Idaho and southern Oregon, at any price they choose to name. And McLane and all the other transportation folks can haul the goods at their own figures; they won't even let the towns have post offices because they like to carry letters at half a dollar apiece. San Francisco bay's full of that is bad for you. They'll bust your ships, and the mountains are full of game and leave you flat broke." gold; and we're getting it going both | ways, out and in.

"Yes, yo're taking too much," the driver replied. "Yo're killing yo' gold-egg goose."

no! She's hearty yet. And we won't in a city street. He stopped the team, seven-by-nine shopkeepers in-that mud hole they call Sacramento. Do you suppose we'll let them make a fishingpond of the bay, and a winter watering-place of San Francisco? Not on your gold toothpick!"

hint of resentment. "Stanford's worst | their steady trot. enemy wouldn't think of calling him seven-by-nine; and I reckon California voters'll have something to say. Leland's got right smart influence with them.

"Yes. They voted both state and city bonds, didn't they, Mr. Dodge?" Vincent asked, joining the conversa-

"Oh, call me Uncle Billy," said the called me Dodge, I need an introduction to the name.'

Did any of our citizens subscribe for aix, appeared, receded, and advanced | Uncle Billy revoke his opinion of the

stock? The rabble voted bonds for us. but have the supervisors issued them

yet? You bet not!" "I should think Gov. Stanford could | ter behind, had climbed higher, where compel; the law's with him, isn't it?" a thin film of more innocent-looking Alfred asked, with a languid air that water was spread on the drab earth well concealed his interest.

"Compel? Compel nothing! The law's slower'n molasses at the north

"Anyway," Phineas persisted noisily, if anybody's going to build a railroad it'll be McLane and San Francisco. By Hookey! If anybody milks this government cow you bet it'll be us!"

"Well, we need the railroad," Uncle Billy said positively.

care about us? Not a pin, except for ing trout in the still pools, and wild our gold. If they get a railroad they'll ducks skimming a large pond at the demand more of us; and if we don't edge of a small mesa. After welcome pony up, they'll ship troops over our draughts for man and mule they fair, and, to the superficial eye, young own road to whip us in. No, siree! veered away to another climb. The We'll be a Pacific republic yet, Cali- gorgeous ening pageant was nearly fornia and the other coast states. And over when the team swung around a the renegades, red and white, here in sharp rocky point, and one of the leadthis country that's the back door to ers shied far out of the road. The

-cneated the imagination with their small hands. Alfred's back was mysterious semblances to man's structures. Alfred Vincent thrilled to each of these weird voices from the wilder-

ness. Yet homesickness gripped him as the rhythmic hoof-beats put him added miles from the home he still longed for. He thoght of his sorrow-stricken mother, her love unvanquished by any deed of his; of her teaching; of the still more potent example of her pure life -these memories saddened, yet softened him; blended his eager vision of the approaching west with the benediction of the spired temple. And for a space his heart was attuned to prayer and paean.

Uncle Billy broke the long silence. "Not yet, my boys," he said affectionately to his team.

They had left the black alkaline wabefore them. The November sun was summer-strong, the dust intolerable; and the mules coaxed dumbly for

"Not yet, boys," Uncle Bill repeated. "Isn't it safe?"

"Yes, safe, perhaps, but this is the sink of the stream; the creek watch's a heap betteh a mile furtheh on."

The mile was semi-perpendicular, and brought them alongside a brawl-"Need it? What for? Pees the east ing stream, willow-hung, with splash-

The Road Was a Narrow Rock-Cut, Two White Men Lay Across It.

hell"-he waved his hand toward the | driver brought them about to a quick poison-pooled, sage-fringed plain they standstill, facing back. were crossing-"they're just the fellers to stand off Uncle Sam."

"Isn't that secession?" Alfred asked with a scrutiny Phineas resented.

"Secession? No. it's self-preservation. Anyway, think of getting a railroad round Cape Horn! It'll take a century!"

"Then they'll tote it across the isthmus," Uncle Billy said calmly.

"Oh, you're dead stuck on them Sacramento chaps, Uncle Billy; and

"Call on me in '70 and-" Uncle Billy began, when a trace caught on a rock and snapped. "Accident numbeh 12. Thirteen'll be a whoppeh, boys!" he remarked as nonchalantly Phineas' smile was unpleasant. "Oh, as if he had only lost a whip snapper divvy up the eggs, either, with those | handed the lines to Alfred, and stepped lightly down to repair the damage.

"Guess I'll go inside for a nap." Phineas yawned and climbed over the

wheel into the stage. "Do you believe the Pacific railroad can be built?" Alfred inquired, when Uncle Billy's eye flashed its first the swinging six had again settled to

"I'm betting on it."

"But McLane and San Francisco-it's an immense opposition to fight." up scarecrows all along the line. But Leland Stanford's a good buncombebuster; an' I'm betting on him and his kyah track!"

Uncle Bill's enthusiasm. "I think I'll from Anthony's; and they're fresh driver. "It's so long since anyone put my hand to their wheel if I can and a heap of 'em. The arrows are lay hold of a spoke."

with the voters," Phineas broke in be- road, now sandy and silent, now rocky threw the burning debris over the fore Uncle Billy came to Vincent's and ringing, stretched on and on lower side of the cut. question. "But San Francisco brains through unpeopled solitudes. Moun- Alfred said nothing but joined in and dollars can beat voters any time. tain and cliff, magnified in the clear the labor with a quick skill that made

"There's fresh blood ahead. That Cooly mule can smell it a mile; it's the only thing he shies at. Hold these ribbons, young felleh, while I prospect a little."

He came back presently, his weather-beaten face sobered and stern. 'Wake up in there! Them Injuns has blocked the road again.'

Phineas, suddenly disturbed from his long and noisy nap, climbed out with poor grace. "The old man has no business to send passengers overland without escort. It's an outrage! It isn't my business to clear the road!" "Here, come up here and hold the team! I'll help the driver," Alfred

called. "No! I cain't trust my team with rupted.

But authority rang in Alfred's tone. The change had been made, and he was already stalking after the driver. Around the point the sight he suddenly came upon made him reelturn sick and white.

"I know it would be too much for you, boy; but now yo're hyah get to work. We haven't a minute to lose."

The road here was a narrow rockcut. Two white men lay across it. one scalped, the other with his throat "You're dead right. They're setting gaping horribly, and more than a dozen arrows buried in his flesh. Beyond, the ruins of an emigrant wagon

blazed lazily. "We cain't stop fo' anything but to Alfred's eyes caught the light of cleah the road. These tracks come nearly all different; that means a lot her?" The sun was hot, though the night of tribes." He spoke in low, tense

turned, yet he could feel-see those -the gruesome spectacle behind. What could be done? How should they be disposed of?-but there was

no time for question. "Can you beah a hand hyah, Vincent, and quick?"

He turned. The driver had siready lifted the shoulders of one; Alfred took the feet.

"Right fo'ward hyah, round the point."

"You-you aren't going to-to leave-' "Yes, we'll have to, if we don't

want to look the same way mighty soon!" "Can't we put them in the stage?

It's awful to leave them!" "It may be worse to take them; and I'm afraid we'll need the stage for the living if-if we get through."

Alfred said no more; and Uncle Billy warmed to him as he saw the clear-cut jaw set and a steely light creep into

the dark violet eyes. "He's game!" Uncle Billy whispered

to himself. Gently they disposed of the poor, mutilated bodies, and hurrled back to the stage. The driver armed each passenger with a rifle and revolver; and ordering Alfred beside him, and Phineas to keep the lookout from the top, he swung his team into the road and drove forward through the cut with slash and oath.

Dark was stealing on, yet the sun's good-night glory still lingered. its flaming banners striking into the overhead darkness, flooding earth and heavens with strange, sinister color. Alfred thought of what lay behind, and gripped his gun sharply. The team slowed, and Uncle Billy no longer plied

"See that light there, away you to the left?"

"Yes." "That's Anthony's, the next station. Some one's alive there, and that some one is white, or there wouldn't be a candle light; the whole place would be alight." Relief unspeakable breathed in his words, and a half mile passed in silence.

"This is a terrible way to earn a living!" Alfred said at last.

"Yes; but this job's easy compared to the trick the pony express boys used to play."

"This is dangerous enough. I wonder the company can induce men to undertake the work. Don't you find it wearing?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is. It's right smart skeery sometimes, 'specially at night when I make the trip alone. And I wondeh passengehs don't buck against being sent across without escort, like now."

"They would if they knew what they'd see. But it's infinitely worse for you drivers."

"Well, I reckon the Lord knows his business, an' mine, too. I figger all 1 got to do is to see he don't catch me asleep on the box."

A sudden admiration for this hero of the desert warmed Alfred's heart. "This time I'd hated to let them

bacon-colored critters get me before I got to Anthony's. Those tracks are all from Anthony's; and there's more than men and property-there's Anthony's little gal, and-"

"Anthony's had hard luck. He's one of God's best, if he is set up a mite

"Does he live alone? Oh, no; I suppose he has a helper as they have at other stations, hasn't he?" Alfred and, whatever happens, it is plain that hoped the driver would tell him more of the station agent, not because of his own interest in the agent, but that he might be saved from thinking.

"Yes, he has a helper, Gid Ingram; but he's only a boy, if he is big. And Stella, pore little chicken! She-

Alfred waited discreetly. "Away back in the fifties Anthony struck it rich oveh Washoe way," Uncle Billy began again in a steadier tone. "Struck it powerful rich; panned out money fasteh'n he could count it. And what did he do but put up the durndest biggest palace this side of | since the Democratic national commit-'Frisco-put it up right there where he struck tin. It was a bang-up place | legitimately used in the dissemination fo' sho'; big rooms with floweh gyardens in the carpets, and floweh gyardens on the walls; gold chairs, and looking glasses till yo'd see yo'self so million? And the Republican congresmany times yo'd think yo'd got 'em again."

"That there house," he continued presently, "stood in a little artificiallooking gyarden, just as sassy as a jaybird, setting there on the bare flank of the Si-eery Nevaydys. But the whole blamed outfit looked awful lonesome in spite of bein' so grand and him! He don't-" Uncle Billy inter- handsome. It seemed durned out of place, like a peafowl in full spread on a snowbank."

> "Didn't Mr. Anthony have a family?" Alfred questioned.

"Yes, one little gal; that was all. When he got those domestic cyards dealt out to suit him, he sent back east somewhere for her. She was a peart little slip 'bout nine yeahs old -come oveh from Sacramento in my stage. I used to drive in God's country those days.

"Anthony put her in as mistress of the mansion; an' there she'd sit in her high-back chair at the head of the table as big as life, the only bit of crinoline present when he'd give grand dinnehs to the Washoe quality. The men would toast her, and she'd stan' up and bow, solemn as a funeral." "What? No woman at all around

"You bet Stanford's got influence had been painfully cold. The bare tones while, as fast as possible, he after her a mite, comb and mend, and such; a good old critteh. but no thoroughbred. And except for her the little one neveh saw any but men."

"How did she learn anything?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FLY TO SUBTERFUGE

ALREADY REPUBLICANS PLAN TO DEFEAT WILL OF PEOPLE.

Dalzell's Recent Statement May Be Accepted as the Voice of the Party -Standpatters Firm in the Saddle,

The ingenuous John Dalzell, member of the ways and means committee, congressman from the Pennsylvania steel districts and amiable standpatter, has expressed an opinion as to tariff revision which is worth considering in view of his close association with the clique that controls in the house. It is Mr. Dalzell's view that the revision desired by congress will concern itself chiefly with reconciling the law on the books with the decisions of the treasury department on obscure sections. The law, he declared, should be so amended that there will be no doubt of its construction.

Of course, this is the frankest subterfuge. No tariff law was ever devised or conceived that could meet the intricate and changing conditions of a tremendous commerce without calling for the construction of some of its schedules and classifications by judicial organizations empowered to make authoritative interpretations. Every change is followed as a matter of course by an amount of litigation that decreases steadily from the time the law goes into effect. Any effort to reconcile the law with the decisions of treasury department and general appraisers and courts will amount to nothing at all or open the way for new litigation.

But Mr. Dalzell went farther and said emphatically that no revision would meet the approval of the new congress if it tended in the least to disturb the prosperity wave that he believed Mr. Taft's election had already started. "Even the Democrats," he declared, "would not go in for any law that would affect the interests of their section of the country." As proof of this contention he said there was a Democrat in the house who had a bill pending putting cotton on the protect-

The views of Mr. John Dalzell would be idle if they were to be considered on their merits. But he is a conspicuous figure in a select assembly that will control absolutely this important legislation in the house. What he thinks is not important because it is right or wrong, or sound or logical or informative, but because what he thinks indicates what enough of the Republicans in the house will thinkwhen they have been subjected to direction-to indicate the policy of the body and the kind of a tariff bill that

will be prepared. The matter is the more interesting when read in connection with certain items of news. For instance, recently there appeared before the ways and means committee a representative of the manufacturers of fertilizers. He asked that the rate on the ingredients of fertilizers be increased by changing the ad valorem rates to specific. He admitted that the articles he spoke for were already manufactured profitably in this country and that additional du-Alfred shivered at the significant | ties would merely serve the purpose of increasing the profits. A few days later came a preliminary announcement of the organization of a fertilizer

Nothing has been done, it is true, but the two items cannot be divorced the farmers will have to pay more for fertilizers if the trust is formed, still more if the duty is increased, with the hope of lower prices and fairer prices dependent on a reduction of the duties. -St. Louis Republic.

Use of Money in Recent Election. To the extent that money counts in elections, it is interesting to note that the Republican national committee had this year \$1,500,000 for campaign expenses, while the Democratic fund was hardly one-third as much. And tee had about as much as could be of Democratic doctrine, the question remains, What did the Republican national committee do with the extra sional committee has not yet been heard from.

## Business, Not Politics.

The people who were for immediate tariff revision before election are now for putting it off, on the plea that what is wanted is deliberate revision-not hasty changes in a few schedules. There will be shifting attitudes due to tactics. Tariff revision involves no political principle, but as a matter of practical business, and as such must be conducted fairly to all the interests concerned, or there will be legitimate cause for complaint,-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Heavy Taxes Paid by West.

Eastern tariff barons talk grandilo quently of "protection" to American labor and American struggling industries. Under this cloak they make western producers and consumers pay a tax on practically everything they produce and consume. They make the western farmer pay exorbitantly for his implements and the western homebuilder exorbitantly for his materials.

A Wisconsin judge says seaweed is a valuable food product, and the nation should learn to eat it. The judge should not anticipate another siege of Republican "prosperity." Instead of worrying over what will happen under another Republican government, let us give the Republicans a long vacation. They need one.



"Get up. Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say-"

"Yes, I know, pa; but then-I go to Sunday school-and you don't."

The Changing Times.

Times have changed since 450 years ago, when Halley's comet, for whose reappearance astronomers are now looking, was in the heavens. Then the Christian world prayed to be delivered from "the devil, the Turk and the comet." Now it says the devil is not as black as he has been painted, the Turk is a negligible quantity and the comet would be rather welcome than otherwise.-Boston Transcript.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the

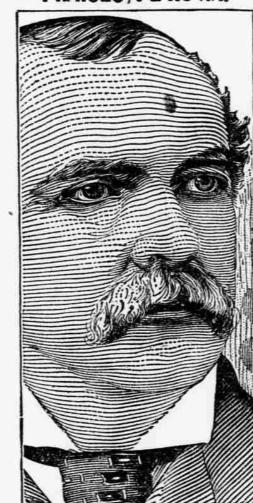
Signature of Chat St. Teleber In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Solemn Responsibility. "It's easy to be gay and make people about you forget their troubles." "That's all you know about it," answered the professional comedian. "You never had a lot of people out in front wondering whether they were

going to get their money's worth."

Later on some of our street contractors may get a chance to repair some of those pavements made of good intentions.

## UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES, PE-RU-NA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach-Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a

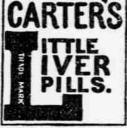
Remedy for Dyspepsia. Hon M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

ATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available.

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearts Eating. A perfect rem edy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coat ed Tongue, Pain in the Iside, TORPID LIVER They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

